

A Pastel Success and Choctaw Art in Two Galleries

William P. Henderson is showing fifty of his pastels, done in full, rich colors, at the gallery of Arthur H. Hahlo & Co., No. 569 Fifth Avenue, until the end of December. Mr. Henderson has not tried to "set the North River on fire" with his pastels. He has, however, approached each single picture with a definite layout and a well considered plan, which he has earnestly and faithfully carried out. He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.

Max Weber, who was once a student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, before he went to Paris to become a modernist painter, is showing the fruit of his industry at the Moutres Gallery, No. 550 Fifth Avenue, until Dec. 31. The catalogue contains sixty-nine numbers, exclusive of the sculpture pieces that he has also done.

Mr. Weber has approached his work in all apparent seriousness. Any negligence to the merely beautiful that he may once have had, however, been severed, and he has with infinite diligence sought to eliminate the obviously external and to find himself of the merely objective in his canvases subjectively. In doing this he has put aside everything that is beautiful and harmonious to produce color sensations and to become an extremist.

To the common herd his pictures are meaningless, if indeed they fail to give the observer the "Willies," but to the student of modernism it is, of course, immediately obvious that he has tried to show the moving spirit of certain things, to paint a soul (which is not an easy task), and in so doing he has courageously used monstrosity, the repellent and a

thousand things that excite abhorrence in an academician. His Adam and Eve picture well serves as an awful example.

Now and then a color note is struck as a lightning flash out of a clear sky, but for the most part sorrow and depression, even protest, serve to inspire the artist, and these dominate his resulting pictures.

Without desiring to be antagonistic, an overwhelming sense of these things wells up again, and yet again, and "hopeless" seems, to the average observer, to be the only word that describes the sense and spirit of the present Montrouex exhibition.

Choctaw, when the great majority of those who come to view his pictures are only able to understand English.

NEGROES WIN RESTAURANT SUITS.

The Rev. William H. Williams and B. R. Squires, negroes, yesterday in Riverhead, L. I., won their suits against Cornelius Bethlehem, a former restaurant keeper in Huntington. They and Henry Brewer, also a negro, could not get meals in the restaurant when they gave orders. The verdicts were for \$100 each. Bethlehem has gone out of the restaurant business. He did not defend the actions.

He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.

Max Weber, who was once a student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, before he went to Paris to become a modernist painter, is showing the fruit of his industry at the Moutres Gallery, No. 550 Fifth Avenue, until Dec. 31. The catalogue contains sixty-nine numbers, exclusive of the sculpture pieces that he has also done.

Mr. Weber has approached his work in all apparent seriousness. Any negligence to the merely beautiful that he may once have had, however, been severed, and he has with infinite diligence sought to eliminate the obviously external and to find himself of the merely objective in his canvases subjectively. In doing this he has put aside everything that is beautiful and harmonious to produce color sensations and to become an extremist.

To the common herd his pictures are meaningless, if indeed they fail to give the observer the "Willies," but to the student of modernism it is, of course, immediately obvious that he has tried to show the moving spirit of certain things, to paint a soul (which is not an easy task), and in so doing he has courageously used monstrosity, the repellent and a

thousand things that excite abhorrence in an academician. His Adam and Eve picture well serves as an awful example.

Now and then a color note is struck as a lightning flash out of a clear sky, but for the most part sorrow and depression, even protest, serve to inspire the artist, and these dominate his resulting pictures.

Without desiring to be antagonistic, an overwhelming sense of these things wells up again, and yet again, and "hopeless" seems, to the average observer, to be the only word that describes the sense and spirit of the present Montrouex exhibition.

Choctaw, when the great majority of those who come to view his pictures are only able to understand English.

NEGROES WIN RESTAURANT SUITS.

The Rev. William H. Williams and B. R. Squires, negroes, yesterday in Riverhead, L. I., won their suits against Cornelius Bethlehem, a former restaurant keeper in Huntington. They and Henry Brewer, also a negro, could not get meals in the restaurant when they gave orders. The verdicts were for \$100 each. Bethlehem has gone out of the restaurant business. He did not defend the actions.

He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.

Max Weber, who was once a student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, before he went to Paris to become a modernist painter, is showing the fruit of his industry at the Moutres Gallery, No. 550 Fifth Avenue, until Dec. 31. The catalogue contains sixty-nine numbers, exclusive of the sculpture pieces that he has also done.

Mr. Weber has approached his work in all apparent seriousness. Any negligence to the merely beautiful that he may once have had, however, been severed, and he has with infinite diligence sought to eliminate the obviously external and to find himself of the merely objective in his canvases subjectively. In doing this he has put aside everything that is beautiful and harmonious to produce color sensations and to become an extremist.

To the common herd his pictures are meaningless, if indeed they fail to give the observer the "Willies," but to the student of modernism it is, of course, immediately obvious that he has tried to show the moving spirit of certain things, to paint a soul (which is not an easy task), and in so doing he has courageously used monstrosity, the repellent and a

thousand things that excite abhorrence in an academician. His Adam and Eve picture well serves as an awful example.

Now and then a color note is struck as a lightning flash out of a clear sky, but for the most part sorrow and depression, even protest, serve to inspire the artist, and these dominate his resulting pictures.

Without desiring to be antagonistic, an overwhelming sense of these things wells up again, and yet again, and "hopeless" seems, to the average observer, to be the only word that describes the sense and spirit of the present Montrouex exhibition.

Choctaw, when the great majority of those who come to view his pictures are only able to understand English.

NEGROES WIN RESTAURANT SUITS.

The Rev. William H. Williams and B. R. Squires, negroes, yesterday in Riverhead, L. I., won their suits against Cornelius Bethlehem, a former restaurant keeper in Huntington. They and Henry Brewer, also a negro, could not get meals in the restaurant when they gave orders. The verdicts were for \$100 each. Bethlehem has gone out of the restaurant business. He did not defend the actions.

He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.

Max Weber, who was once a student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, before he went to Paris to become a modernist painter, is showing the fruit of his industry at the Moutres Gallery, No. 550 Fifth Avenue, until Dec. 31. The catalogue contains sixty-nine numbers, exclusive of the sculpture pieces that he has also done.

Mr. Weber has approached his work in all apparent seriousness. Any negligence to the merely beautiful that he may once have had, however, been severed, and he has with infinite diligence sought to eliminate the obviously external and to find himself of the merely objective in his canvases subjectively. In doing this he has put aside everything that is beautiful and harmonious to produce color sensations and to become an extremist.

To the common herd his pictures are meaningless, if indeed they fail to give the observer the "Willies," but to the student of modernism it is, of course, immediately obvious that he has tried to show the moving spirit of certain things, to paint a soul (which is not an easy task), and in so doing he has courageously used monstrosity, the repellent and a

thousand things that excite abhorrence in an academician. His Adam and Eve picture well serves as an awful example.

Now and then a color note is struck as a lightning flash out of a clear sky, but for the most part sorrow and depression, even protest, serve to inspire the artist, and these dominate his resulting pictures.

Without desiring to be antagonistic, an overwhelming sense of these things wells up again, and yet again, and "hopeless" seems, to the average observer, to be the only word that describes the sense and spirit of the present Montrouex exhibition.

Choctaw, when the great majority of those who come to view his pictures are only able to understand English.

NEGROES WIN RESTAURANT SUITS.

The Rev. William H. Williams and B. R. Squires, negroes, yesterday in Riverhead, L. I., won their suits against Cornelius Bethlehem, a former restaurant keeper in Huntington. They and Henry Brewer, also a negro, could not get meals in the restaurant when they gave orders. The verdicts were for \$100 each. Bethlehem has gone out of the restaurant business. He did not defend the actions.

He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.

Max Weber, who was once a student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, before he went to Paris to become a modernist painter, is showing the fruit of his industry at the Moutres Gallery, No. 550 Fifth Avenue, until Dec. 31. The catalogue contains sixty-nine numbers, exclusive of the sculpture pieces that he has also done.

Mr. Weber has approached his work in all apparent seriousness. Any negligence to the merely beautiful that he may once have had, however, been severed, and he has with infinite diligence sought to eliminate the obviously external and to find himself of the merely objective in his canvases subjectively. In doing this he has put aside everything that is beautiful and harmonious to produce color sensations and to become an extremist.

To the common herd his pictures are meaningless, if indeed they fail to give the observer the "Willies," but to the student of modernism it is, of course, immediately obvious that he has tried to show the moving spirit of certain things, to paint a soul (which is not an easy task), and in so doing he has courageously used monstrosity, the repellent and a

thousand things that excite abhorrence in an academician. His Adam and Eve picture well serves as an awful example.

Now and then a color note is struck as a lightning flash out of a clear sky, but for the most part sorrow and depression, even protest, serve to inspire the artist, and these dominate his resulting pictures.

Without desiring to be antagonistic, an overwhelming sense of these things wells up again, and yet again, and "hopeless" seems, to the average observer, to be the only word that describes the sense and spirit of the present Montrouex exhibition.

Choctaw, when the great majority of those who come to view his pictures are only able to understand English.

NEGROES WIN RESTAURANT SUITS.

The Rev. William H. Williams and B. R. Squires, negroes, yesterday in Riverhead, L. I., won their suits against Cornelius Bethlehem, a former restaurant keeper in Huntington. They and Henry Brewer, also a negro, could not get meals in the restaurant when they gave orders. The verdicts were for \$100 each. Bethlehem has gone out of the restaurant business. He did not defend the actions.

He has done figures, nudes, architectural themes, landscapes, water views, theatrical items, gardens, shipwrecks, moonlights, flower pieces—anything which strikes his fancy, and which lends itself to artistic portrayal. He finds pastel a happy medium, and in his hands it becomes highly expressive. His draped and undraped figures are full of a quiet charm that extends to detail. He cannot help it if some of these suggest Whistler, or Haydon, or some other master. He simply does not care.

His drapery, the flowing hair, the human anatomy, or whatever else engages him, is worked out conscientiously and in colors that supplement and complement.

Mr. Henderson has done a number of Japanese things that are full of the Oriental spirit and charm.

His girl, dining in solitary state, is very pleasing in its composition scheme and in its measured color. The picture is not made formal by technique.

His New York series, but recently completed, is now shown for the first time, and includes "Grant's Tomb," that is becomingly sombre, but which is relieved by massy red clouds that give just the required "touch."

His work is likewise concerned with New Orleans, the Chicago River, and scenic decorations for "Alice in Wonderland," a Chicago as well as a New York theatrical production. A dock scene, showing a steamer under steam and just ready for sailing, is immensely delightful.

He has happily caught the art that is inherent in the skyscraper in New York and other American cities. His sunsets are colorful and generally brilliant. A painting of his shows a delightful landscape that introduces the viewer into a cloudy sky, that while simple is also highly effective. Most of his landscapes in little are charmingly done.